

The Saturday Evening Post.

VOLUME I.

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CONDITIONS.

The Saturday Evening Post is published once a week, at two dollars per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or **THREE DOLLARS** if not paid before the end of the year.

Subscribers will have the privilege to insert an advertisement, throughout the year, to the extent of half a square, at two dollars additional, with an allowance for alterations. Non-subscribers pay the usual prices.

A wish to discontinue the paper must be made known before the expiration of the time subscribed for, or the engagement will be considered good for another six months.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

“Tis said, Seclusion hath no balm
For him, whose base pursuit is gold;
“Tis said, retirement ne’er can soothe
The heart of avarice;

Levy not the man
Who shuns reflection’s hour.

Reflection’s hour!—to few ‘tis known,
To these, the chosen time, how dear!
To retrospection consecrate
It is the heart’s alone.

I will not on its larders intrude,
Nor tell how fancy riots there;
Sofie it, that to Misery’s child
Is known the holy time.

The memory wanders, and the forms
Of days, departed, hover near;
The childhood’s smile and childhood’s sigh
Resolve the soul again.

He fair the visions, boyhood knew!
Joy strewed the way with thornless flowers;
Joy, recalled, seem more than joys;
Pains seem like bliss;

Levy not the man
Who shuns reflection’s hour.

WOMAN’S LOVE.

A woman’s love, deep in the heart,
Is like the violet flower,
That lifts its modest head apart
In some sequester’d bower;
And blest is he who finds that bloom,
Who sips its gentle sweets;
He needs not life’s oppressive gloom,
Nor all the care he meets!

A woman’s love is like the spring
Amid the wild alone,
A burning wild, o’er which the wing
Of clouds is seldom thrown;
And blest is he who meets that fount
Beneath the sultry day;
How gladly should his spirits mount!
How pleasant be his way!

A woman’s love is like the rock
That every tempest braves,
And stands secure amid the shock,
Of ocean’s wildest waves;
And blest is he to whom repose
Within its shade is given;
The world with all its cares and woes,
Seems less like earth than heaven.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

While travelling through a lonely forest of the western country, I came to a solitary cottage, partly shaded by stately trees. On my arrival at the door, I knocked upon the post; a person stepped forward; drew aside a blanket that served as a door, and bade me come in: I went in, sat upon a bench, and reclined against the side of this rustic dwelling; when, looking round me, lo! it was the house of mourning.

There, in one corner, op a bed of straw, in benumbed death’s chill embrace, lay the wasted remains of an affectionate husband and protecting parent. A melancholy sensation unavoidably pervaded my mind.—But a few hours since, his mortal existence trembling on the verge of dissolution—at length, dropped into the vapory oblivion of unknown; and his immortal existence rose on soaring ideal pinions to Him who gave it.

Yes—he is progressing in that measureless journey from which “no traveller returns;” he has left his relations and changing pleasures, and gone far, far from this tabernacle of mourning.—No more shall he groan under the racking pains of sickness; no more shall the sorrows of this woe-worn world canker his felicity.

While thus reflecting on a sublime futurity, a neighbor entered this solemn and silent house of death; he recalled my mind to the gloom of mortality; I again looked round on the members of this sorrowing family. Here sat a weeping companion, absorbed in the profusion of grief; holding a smiling infant that had not yet learned its own mortality, or realized the bitter dregs of human woe. There leaned a child against the chimney corner, and oft turned her eyes towards her lifeless father, while a filial tear would trickle down her tender cheek. All, all seemed as living monuments to declare the event of death; and, though mantled in silence, yet they manifested a realization which no tongue could express.

Having rested a short time, I rose and went out. It was the Sabbath; the sky was clear, and the sun had passed the meridian—I again resumed my journey, and as I walked along through the little opening that encircled the rustic domicil, and looked on the labor of him whose body was now mouldering away, to mingle with the common elements of our mother earth, I was again wrought up in pleasing and melancholy contemplation—that all the works of our labor will soon know us no more for ever; and as I entered the lonely woods, whose leafy trees shaded my path, methought I was entering the “valley and shadow of death.” And while recollection recalls to my mind the joys and sorrows I have seen, I shall never forget the house of mourning.

VIATOR.

SONNET—TO #666.

By, shall we meet again,
With smiles of mutual gladness;
By, shall we e’er remain
Apart, in anxious sadness?
When last we bid farewell,
My heart was fill’d with sorrow,
Let Hope seem’d proud to tell
We part, to meet to-morrow.

The morrow’s sun arose,
But Hope, I found, deceiv’d me,
For twilight’s ling’ring close
With no kind news relieved me.
Left, in memory’s dreams,
Love o’er again those hours,
When social pleasure’s beams
Charm’d with their witching powers.

Let in that pleasing view,
Which memory’s oft revealing,
The pain of our adieu
Seems o’er my bosom stealing.
For moments thus gone by
May pass—alas!—forever,
And like a farewell sigh
Our fondest joys may sever.

Our deepest hopes are vain,
They smile but to deceive us,
And leave us worlds of pain
With no balm to relieve us.

But let us meet once more,
Or if thy heart say—never,—
After our friendship’s o’er—
We’re parted, then—forever.

PAQUIN.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 28, 1822.

NUMBER 61.

he has unfortunately lost. Here he must raise a new name and a fortune for himself, and happy will he be if he so profit by the mistakes of his former days, as to secure him from error in future. Whenever a man is overtaken in a fault—if he has been hurried by passion’s impetuous impulse into the commission of a crime, or by even a venial error, has forfeited the good opinion of his neighbours, instead of making his defence by a vain attempt to cover and palliate his guilt, he would act more wisely to acknowledge his fault with humility, and endeavour by future good conduct to conciliate the esteem of his fellow citizens—for mankind are always slow to believe what a man has to say in extenuation of his own faults, and it often happens that the more vigorous his defence is, the more firmly his guilt is fixed upon him.

RECLUSE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SOLITAIRE—No. IV.

“Of all human actions, pride seldom obtains its end; for aiming at honour and reputation, it reaps contempt and derision.” MONTAIGNE

Pride is one of those vices which people generally overlook, because they all partake of its influence. It is, nevertheless, a demon of a very base kind. It is a principle which ought to be held in the greatest abhorrence, and cast from the breast as a viper with a deadly sting. Under the dominion of pride we serve the devil, for where it exists, neither virtue, religion, nor morality, can abide. As, therefore, these only ought to influence the mind, so every particle of pride should be rooted out, and “meek-eyed humility” cherished in its stead. It is not the pride of dress that I would have in view, neither is it a pride of excelling in virtue or learning; but it is an overbearing spirit which will trample upon the poor, the meek, or the ignorant—destroy their rights, and heap up a pile of injuries when a fountain of blessings ought to rise in view. It is a pride which fills the possessor with conceited notions of his own excellence, and makes him consider all other mortals beneath him. It is a pride which, with an ocean of vices, aspires to the perfection of deity, and aims at a throne which it never was intended man should ascend. It is a pride with which Lucifer himself was possessed, when he attempted to overthrow the throne of Grace, and rise superior to the “great first cause.” Like Lucifer, too, will the fall of that spirit be, who possesses the vice just mentioned. For a while fortune may smile upon his vanity, and success crown his views; but in the end he will find his doom irrevocably fixed, and finally cast beneath the most abject of those whom in his prosperity he did not deign to look upon. Humility is the principle intended for us; it is a heavenly principle; it sheds a lustre on human nature, makes it acceptable to the Creator, and at last crowns it with a wreath of never-fading joys.

A PRETTY STORY.

The late Earl of Exeter had been divorced from his first wife, a woman of fashion, and of somewhat more gaiety of manners than “lords who love their ladies like.” He determined to seek out a second wife in a humbler sphere of life, and that it should be one who having no knowledge of his rank, should love him for himself alone. For this purpose, he went and settled *incognito* (under the name of Mr. Jones) at Hordnet, an obscure village in Shropshire. He made overtures to one or two damsels in the neighborhood, but they were too knowing to be taken in by him. His manners were not boorish, his mode of life was retired, it was too odd how he got his livelihood, and at last, he began to be taken for a highwayman. In this dilemma he turned to Miss Hoggins, the eldest daughter of a small farmer, at whose house he lodged. Miss Hoggins, it might seem, had not been used to romp with the clowns: there was something in the manners of their quiet, but eccentric guest, that she liked. As he found that he had inspired her with that kind of regard which he wished for, he made honorable proposals to her, and at the end of some months, they were married, without his letting her know who he was. They set off in a post-chaise from his father’s house, and travelled across the country. In this manner, they arrived at Stamford, and passed through the town without stopping till they came to the entrance of Burleigh-Park, which is on the outside of it. The gates flew open, the chaise entered, and drove down the long avenue of trees that leads up to the front of this fine old mansion.—As they drew nearer to it, and she seemed a little surprised where they were going, he said, “Well, my dear, this is Burleigh-House,

it is the home I have promised to bring you to, and you are the Countess of Exeter!” It is said the shock of this discovery was too much for this young creature, and that she never recovered it. It was a sensation worth dying for. *Ye Thousand and One Tales of the Arabian Night’s Entertainment!* hide your diminished heads! I never wished to have been a lord but when I think of this story.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE ITINERANT—No. VII.

PROVERBS FOR BACHELORS.

1. Covet no woman’s love, but whom you will be diligent to oblige—for a small neglect is taken by them as a great ingratitude.

2. The love of a virtuous woman is a great blessing; but if once lost by ingratitude, you will find that she will turn her love that could not last into a revenge that will.

3. A proud woman, like an imprudent prince, always loves him best by whom she is most flattered.

4. If you aim at the favors of a lofty mistress, you must highly extol her person and parts, and agree with her opinion in all things, though ever so opposite to reason.

5. A proud woman, like a stately horse, must be managed with a curb and strait rein.

6. That virtue is never safe that is under the guardianship of pride; the latter will be maintained, though the former be sacrificed to maintain it.

7. Pride in a beautiful woman is like a flaw in a diamond; it lessens the value, spoils the lustre, and remains measurable.

8. He that hath a prudent wife hath a guardian angel by his side; but he that hath a proud wife hath an evil spirit at his elbow.

9. Giving presents to a woman to secure her love is like filling a sieve with water.

10. She that hath some design upon you will first oblige you with some engaging courtesy to become her debtor; but be careful of those women who are generous in the beginning.

11. Ingratitude is said to be worse than the sin of witchcraft; and he that trusteth a woman he hath once found ungrateful, is worse than he wretched.

12. Court not a reconciliation with a woman who hath once deceived you, lest she triumph over your submission, and make you bear the burthen of her infirmities.

13. To a woman you love behave yourself boldly and with freedom, though justly and respectfully; for a meagre behaviour will awe her to be grateful, when a cringing fondness may occasion her to presume on your good nature.

Lines written on returning home.

Dear lowly cottage! o’er whose humble thatch,
The dewy moss has velvet verdure spread;
Once more, with trem’rous hands, thy ready latch
I lift, and to thy lintel bow my head.

Dear are thy inmates! beauty’s roseate smile,
And eye soft melting hair my wished return;
Loud clamors infant joys—around, meanwhile,
Mature breasts with silent rapture burn.

Within these narrow bounds I reign secure,
And duteous love and prompt obedience find,
Nor sigh to find my destiny obscure;
Where all is lowly, but each owner’s mind
Content, if pilgrims passing by our cell,
Say “with her sister peace, there virtue loves to dwell.”

W. P. S.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PUBLIC MEETING.

“And over *Fashion’s* votaries wield the sceptre.”

In pursuance of public notice, a numerous and splendid meeting of our female *Corinthians* and *tippy Exquisites*, convened at *Dandy Hall* on the evening of the 19th inst. in order to devise some scheme whereby the *dresses* and *appendages* of *Fashion* should be subjected to the criticism of persons of acknowledged taste in the *beau monde* before they were exhibited to the gaping eyes of the congregated world. *ROGER RUM-ONE*, Esq. a *Grecian* of the *first water*, was called to the chair, and, in compliment to the Ladies present, *Mrs. Martha Modish* and *Miss Fanny Furbelow* were nominated as his supporters. *Samuel Scribe* officiating as secretary for the evening.

Mr. Rum-one, as soon as order could be obtained, rose from the chair, and gracefully waving his right arm to enchain the attention of the audience, began, “Ladies and Gentlemen, it has been often a source of the deepest regret to me, that in this, our famous city, there should exist no society, to whom the importations of fashion, from France and England, should be consigned, and from whose *flat* and *example* the *Bloods* and *would-be Exquisites* of the lower orders, should adopt their costume. In *London* there flourishes such a society, from the *ingenuity* and *judgment* of whose members originate every new design, while their power is so universally acknowledged and their displeasure so deeply dreaded, that no person of fashion, however *outlaid* by the society, dare introduce any innovation in the established cut. I now beg leave briefly to state the object of myself and friends in calling this meeting, which I feel happy to find so numerously attended, it is to propose for your consideration the formation of a society similar in its jurisdiction and intentions to the one now existant in the metropolis of Great Britain. As I conceive the exertions of the Ladies will be requisite in carrying the plan into effect, should any of them coincide in my ideas.

the meeting will feel honoured in hearing their sentiments.

The moment the president had taken his chair, *Miss Susan Spencer* and *Miss Biddy Blue-hose* both sprang to their feet, when the chair having decided the floor in possession of the latter Lady, she commenced—“Such a society was not only well calculated to answer an admirable purpose, but it was absolutely necessary something of the kind should be established to preside in the *republic of Fashion*, and also to take cognizance of the rank of those who appeared in our streets arrayed in the newest mode. She deplored as a lamentable truth, that no sooner was an improvement established in any article of clothing, but every *Laundry* and *Chambermaid* appeared on the promenade in it, thus keeping the inventions of the leaders of *Fashion* eternally on the rack to devise something new. Such glaring facts (she continued) called *peremptorily* for *reform*. She therefore concluded by moving that a committee be appointed to devise some regulations for the government of said society, and report them at our next meeting, and that power be given to said committee to fix upon a suitable designation for the *embryo* society.”

The above question was carried by an unanimous vote, and the meeting adjourned until Friday, the 27th inst. having previously instructed the Secretary to make such an arrangement with *Messrs. Atkinson & Alexander*, the editors of the Saturday Evening Post, for publishing their proceedings as he should think proper.

R. RUM-ONE, President.

S. SCRIBE, Sec’y.

THE DERANGED PARROT.

Certain physiologists have asserted, that madness was one of the privileges of human nature; that the instinct of animals, being surer than our reason, was likewise more solid, and that their brain was not so liable to get out of order, I answer this by the anecdote of the *Parrot* of *M. de Bougainville*, which was as completely convinct of lunacy, as ever was an inhabitant of *Bedlam* or *Charenton*. This bird less remarkable for its plumage than its chattering, was for two years on board the ship of that celebrated navigator, and a great favorite with the officers, to whose amusement he very much contributed. Having one day had an engagement with an enemy’s vessel, during which the commanding had been extremely sharp, was found that *Kokoy*, the *Parrot*, had disappeared, and though the most diligent search was made for him, he was no where to be found.—It was supposed he had fallen by the wind, if not by the blow of a bullet; but to the great surprise of the whole crew he was seen two days afterwards, coming out of the cable tier, where it appeared he had hid himself.

His re-appearance excited the greatest joy, and almonds and caresses were most prodigally bestowed upon him: but *Kokoy* was entirely insensible to these demonstrations of kindness, and looking around him with a most stupid stare imaginable, answered all the questions put to him only, by an imitation of the noise that had so much frightened him.—“poum—poum—poum”—were the only sounds he could pronounce! I myself saw this unfortunate bird twenty years after the combat, perched upon a stick in an antechamber, repeating his eternal cannonade, and accompanying it with a beating of his head, and fluttering of his wings, in which his fright was still depicted.

Gibbon’s appreciation of his own character.

MAY 8th, 1762.—This was my birthday, on which I entered into the twenty-sixth year of my age. This gave me occasion to look a little into myself, and consider impartially my good and bad qualities. It appeared to me, upon this inquiry, that my character was virtuous, incapable of a base action, formed for generous ones, but that it was proud, violent and disagreeable in society. These qualities I must endeavour to cultivate, extirpate, or restrain, according to their different tendency. Wit I have none. My imagination is rather strong than pleasing. My memory both capacious and retentive.—The shining qualities of my understanding are extensiveness and penetration, but I want both quickness and exactness.”

[See *Gibbon’s Miscellaneous Works*.]

Cheerfulness and hilarity, when unprovoked by unwholesome incentives, undegraded by brutality, or tainted by licentiousness; instead of being interdicted as a crime, ought to be prescribed as one of the means of urging a lazy circulation.—A man may be merry upon principle, and occasionally take a laugh, as others do a walk, for the benefit of his health. A celebrated Italian comedy turns altogether upon a stratagem to cure a hypochondriac by making him laugh. It is much in our power to look on the sunny side of things, instead of keeping the eye constantly fixed on the darkened hemisphere of human life. There is no faculty of the mind which it is of

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

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The most important intelligence furnished by this arrival, is the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, (late Lord Castlereagh) who committed suicide on the morning of the 12th of August, by opening an artery in his neck with a pen-knife. From the time this melancholy event was known until the sailing of the *Anny*, it entirely occupied the public attention, almost to the exclusion even of the royal visit to Scotland.

Lord Londonderry was certainly an extraordinary man, and an able statesman. It has been his lot to guide the ship of state during perhaps the most critical and important crisis that the civilized world has seen; and through his long service in the Ministry, he has shown great courage, energy, talent and skill.—Whatever difference of opinion has been entertained with respect to his public character (says the editor of the *Courier*) there is but one sentiment, one opinion with respect to his private one: it was the most affectionate and engaging, the most affectionate husband to the most amiable wife; the most polite and finished gentleman; the kindest landlord; the most mild and indulgent master; beneficent to the poor, and so affable, that every man, however inferior his rank, felt himself at his ease the moment he addressed him. In his friendships, he had all the constancy and ardor that so eminently adorned the character of Mr. Pitt. He had all his disinterestedness, all his contempt of every selfish feeling, all his devotedness and attachment to the interests and welfare of the empire." In quoting this passage, the Liverpool *Mercury*, although a *neve* Radical paper, adds, "It is but candid to add, that this favourable character of the deceased accords with the reports which have been uniformly in circulation respecting his private worth."—The Marquis, at the time of his death, was in the 53d year of his age.

The following is a copy of the verdict of the Jury of Inquest on the late Marquis:

"That on Monday, August 12, and for some time previously, the Most Noble Robert, Marquis of Londonderry, under a grievous disorder did labour and languish, and became, in consequence delirious and of insane mind; and that whilst in that state, with a knife of iron and steel, he did inflict on himself, on the left side of his neck, and half an inch in depth, of which he instantly died; and that no other person except himself was the cause of his death."

The death of the Marquis of Londonderry, may have an important effect upon the political concerns of Europe. He was to have been at the Royal and Imperial Congress; and he has unquestionably been very influential in preventing an open rupture between the Russians and Turks.

The two wonderful Ponies, the smallest Horses in America, will perform a great variety of astonishing feats of sagacity, and conclude with a box-dance between the Poney and Clown.

Gold Washing, by the Troop of Flying Phenomena, viz. Moxon, Trauman, Caruso, Rogers, Roper, &c.—Clemons, Misses Williams and Belmont.

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S. PAGE & SON,

BROKERS, SCRIVENERS AND ACCOUNTANTS. No. 8, South Fifth street. Persons having money to put out at interest, may be accommodated with a variety of property in the city or country.—Also, Bills, bonds, and notes of hand discounted at their office, where Real Estate of every description, Mortgages, Military Lands, Stock and Ground Rents, are bought and sold on Commission: Naturalization Papers for Aliens drawn; Pensions secured; Mechanics' Books posted; Inventors' Patents drawn, and their business attended to throughout. Writings of all kinds correctly executed. Money always to be had on good security; and generally in the performance of all duties or services, wherein the aid of an agent or attorney, may be convenient or useful.

N. B. A Register of Real Estate, &c. kept open for information and insertion. Fifty cents charge for an entry.

June 21—11

BENJAMIN RICHARDSON.

ATE from Sheffield, File Manufacturer and Cutler, No. 77 SOUTH SECOND STREET, has commenced manufacturing Files, Table Knives and Forks, Razors of the first quality, warranted for use; Scissors made to order or pattern. Cutlery, of every description, ground, polished and repaired in the best manner, and at the shortest notice. Blades, of the best east steel, put in Pewter handles, and warranted good; Table knives and forks repaired, either with new blades or handles; Old Files re-cut and made as new.

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A Bird and a Grey Horse, for sale. Apply at the Post Office.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the packet ship *Anny*, Capt. Bentzen, at New-York, in 20 days from Liverpool, a copy of that place on the 16th, and London dates to the 5th of August have been received.

The most important intelligence furnished by this arrival, is the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, (late Lord Castlereagh) who committed suicide on the morning of the 12th of August, by opening an artery in his neck with a pen-knife. From the time this melancholy event was known until the sailing of the *Anny*, it entirely occupied the public attention, almost to the exclusion even of the royal visit to Scotland.

Lord Londonderry was certainly an extraordinary man, and an able statesman. It has been his lot to guide the ship of state during perhaps the most critical and important crisis that the civilized world has seen; and through his long service in the Ministry, he has shown great courage, energy, talent and skill.—Whatever difference of opinion has been entertained with respect to his public character (says the editor of the *Courier*) there is but one sentiment, one opinion with respect to his private one: it was the most affectionate and engaging, the most affectionate husband to the most amiable wife; the most polite and finished gentleman; the kindest landlord; the most mild and indulgent master; beneficent to the poor, and so affable, that every man, however inferior his rank, felt himself at his ease the moment he addressed him. In his friendships, he had all the constancy and ardor that so eminently adorned the character of Mr. Pitt. He had all his disinterestedness, all his contempt of every selfish feeling, all his devotedness and attachment to the interests and welfare of the empire." In quoting this passage, the Liverpool *Mercury*, although a *neve* Radical paper, adds, "It is but candid to add, that this favourable character of the deceased accords with the reports which have been uniformly in circulation respecting his private worth."—The Marquis, at the time of his death, was in the 53d year of his age.

The following is a copy of the verdict of the Jury of Inquest on the late Marquis:

"That on Monday, August 12, and for some time previously, the Most Noble Robert, Marquis of Londonderry, under a grievous disorder did labour and languish, and became, in consequence delirious and of insane mind; and that whilst in that state, with a knife of iron and steel, he did inflict on himself, on the left side of his neck, and half an inch in depth, of which he instantly died; and that no other person except himself was the cause of his death."

The death of the Marquis of Londonderry, may have an important effect upon the political concerns of Europe. He was to have been at the Royal and Imperial Congress; and he has unquestionably been very influential in preventing an open rupture between the Russians and Turks.

The two wonderful Ponies, the smallest Horses in America, will perform a great variety of astonishing feats of sagacity, and conclude with a box-dance between the Poney and Clown.

Gold Washing, by the Troop of Flying Phenomena, viz. Moxon, Trauman, Caruso, Rogers, Roper, &c.—Clemons, Misses Williams and Belmont.

The performance will conclude with the grand curtain-pantomime, founded on fact, called

LA PEROUSE;

Or the Desolate Island.

Doors open at 6, and performance to commence at 7 o'clock.

Tickets to be had at the Circus from 9 until 2 o'clock, and during the evening.

Boxes 50 cents; children under 10 years of age, coming with families, to the boxes 25 cents. Pic., 25 cents.

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To Fullers and Manufacturers.

FULLERS' BOARDS

Of superior quality, for sale by RICHARD JOHNSON, No. 31, Market street. Also, Boards as above a large and general assortment of good BLANK BOOKS, PAPER, STATIONARY, &c., which together with a large stock of SCHOOL and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, will be sold at the lowest market prices.

Court and Merchant's Account Books ruled to order and bound to any pattern.

* RAGS and QUILLS taken in exchange.

July 6—tf

SILVEIRA & BROWNE,

WOOLEN DRAPERS AND TAILORS, No.

83, South Second Street, between Norris's and Gray's Alley, respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that they have now on hand a handsome assortment of superfine Black and Blue Cloths, with a variety of other fashionable colours; a fine assortment of Cassimere and Vestings of the latest fashion; together with Drapings, Stripes, &c. Any of the above will be made to order on the most reasonable terms, and as they are provided with the best workmen, they flatter themselves they will be able to give satisfaction to those who may favour them with their custom.

Aug 3—tf

Union Canal Lottery,

THIRD CLASS—NEW SERIES.

A. MINTYRE, MANAGER.

To be drawn on the 31st of Oct in five minutes.

TICKETS and SHARES

FOR SALE AT

P. CANFIELD'S

Pennsylvania State Lottery Office, No. 127, Chestnut street, nearly opposite and between the Post Office and the United States' Bank.

And where the cash will be paid for all prizes, sold at the above office, as soon as drawn. Orders, post paid, thankfully received, and promptly attended to—and Clubs dealt with on the most favourable terms. The original of all shares Tickets sold at the above office, will be deposited in the hands of the Manager, for the security of the purchaser.

Philadelphia, Sept. 7, 1822.—tf

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber after having received such an ample share of public patronage, would be wanting in something more readily conceived than expressed, did he not express his gratitude on the occasion. He therefore most respectfully returns his sincere thanks to all for the favours received, and trusts by his future exertions to merit a continuation of public approbation. In the Union Canal Lottery, 10th class, which has just closed, the following capital prizes were sold and paid at his office, viz:

No. 585 No. 23 \$100

5817 1000 8255 500

19637 1000 7191 500

10682 1000 12369 500

19617 1000

No. 19441, 17283, 16986, 8352, 5178, 3663,

1761, 16388, 7371, 6272, 6360, 18587, 17064, 489,

451, 1080, 4895, each \$100

Besides a large number of \$50, \$20, &c.

Being a larger number than was sold and paid by any other broker in the same lottery. May he then, with confidence, claim the attention of the public and his friends, to the following scheme of the Union Canal Lottery, new series, the merits of which will be discovered by a mere perusal?

The mode of drawing is already familiar to the public, and therefore needs no explanation.

Philadelphia, Sept. 7, 1822.—tf

WITNESS.—They did not fit the head.

WITNESS.—The head! I thought coats were always made to fit the body!

Witnesses begged he might not be compelled to disclose secrets of trade. The question was passed.

Witness.—We often make coats which fit ex-

tremely well, but some fault is found, and they are sent back to be altered. In such a case, we say they do not fit the head. We keep them a proper time, and then send them back untouched, when they are found to be just the thing, and to be delightfully.

A HIGH AUTHORITY.

Mr. CURRAN was once engaged in a legal

argument; behind him stood his colleague,

a gentleman whose person was remarkably

tall and slender, and who had originally

intended to take orders. The Judge ob-

served that the case under discussion in-

volved a question of ecclesiastical law—

“Then,” said CURRAN, “I can refer your

lordship to a high authority behind me,

who was once intended for the church,

though, in my opinion, he was fitter for

the staple.”

In a certain town, not more than fifty miles from Boston, as the clergyman was holding forth in his usual drowsy manner, one of the Deacons, proba-

bly influenced by the sanguine qualities of the dis-

couse, fell into a doze. The preacher happening

to use the words, “What is the price of an earthly

treasure?” The good Deacon, who kept a small

store, thinking the enquiry respecting some kind

of merchandise, immediately answered, seven and

eleven a dozen.

JAMES B. WOOD,

42 SPRUCE, between Front and Second streets.

(Near the Drawbridge, Philadelphia.)

MANUFACTURES and keeps

constantly on hand, the Pa-

tern Wheat Fans, and the old

Dutch Fans; likewise, Fans

for cleaning Coffee and Rice,

and all other Grain.

CUTTING BOXES, of a superior kind, may be

had at above, and others of all sorts and sizes.

FARMING UTENSILS, of every description,

for sale at reasonable prices.

Orders for Shipping, or other purposes, will be

supplied at the shortest notice, on moderate

terms.

JOHN M'LOUD, 46 Market street,

Keeps constantly on hand, a large

and general assortment of Ready made

HATS, which he will sell at very rea-

sonable prices. Customers supplied at a short

notice, on reasonable terms.

JOHN M'LOUD—Se-

nsory for Young Ladies to be resumed on

Monday next, the 26th inst.

CLEVER ALLEY, No. 7, north side.

WALTERS, a Lady to instruct the pupils in em-

broidery, rug-work, &c. Apply to M. DEAN, as

above.

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